Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 19

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

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archegos

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Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

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Translator's Note

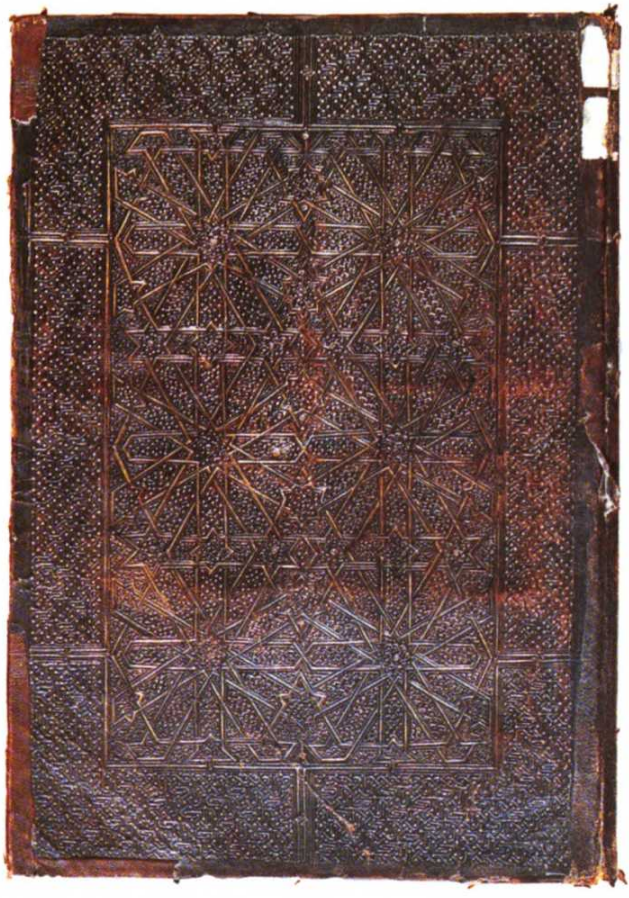
In 1995 when Volume 1 of the Divan was published, there were only a handful of references on Mevlana on the Internet. Right now, the number is in the thousands. Besides the progress in computer technology, Coleman Barks' influence on this matter is undeniable.

Mevlana is the smiling face of Islam and humanity. He has so many answers. The one who appreciates him the most is the one who asks proper questions. Unfortunately, in history, questions and answers have seldom come at the same time.

This volume, Volume 19, is the third and last of three volumes for Meter 15, probably the longest meter of the Divan.

Again, I would like to honor the memory of Mrs. Terry Peart.

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Volume 19

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Mefâilün Mefâilün Feülün

203.

Verse 2053

My God have mercy on me.
You tear my skirt. Give me another skirt.

Your bile has made my head dizzy.
Give me something to calm my bile.

If it is necessary to give grief to the world,
Give it to Hasan's[1] father.
Don't give it to me.

My God, give the life of Noah,Lokman[2]
To that beauty of Huten,[3]
Even hundreds more years of life beyond theirs.

Your face, resembling the star of Suheyl,[4]
Shines at the land of Yemen.
Show me a road to the land of Yemen.



204.

Verse 2058

Keep clapping your hands until dawn,
Because that beauty who catches heart,
The beauty who heart desires, is dancing.

Keep telling the thing you and I know.
But remember God. Keep him secret.

Learn how to roar from God's lion.
He used to shout that blood-filled sigh
Only to the well.

Come, lay your claw on this world like a lion.
Why do you wag your tail like a fox?

Nobody knows the Koran better than Kurban.[5]
Come and be sacrificed at the sultan's bairam.

When love becomes my guest,
I see a full moon before its time.



205.

Verse 2064

O sun who rides the horse of sky!
O beauty who turns himself to a star by deception!

At times, you appear like the heart in the middle.
At times, you come, sit in the corner.

At times you stay at a distance, act like a stranger,
Say things like, "I just happened to be here."

At times, you come like a relief
And burn sorrows to ashes.
At times you ask innocently,
"What is the cure for this grief?

You are the one who tears, You are the one who mends.
It is better for heart to be torn to pieces.

Sometimes you make heart cry like a child
And ask me to rock the cradle.

Sometimes you take me in your arms like a nanny.
Sometimes you ride on my back like the cavalry.

You sometimes look old and grizzled.
At other times become like a nursing baby.

In fact, I am helpless, exhausted from you.
How crafty and deceitful an impostor are you.



206.

Verse 2073

O musician, play the rebab[6] faster.
O cupbearer, serve the wine faster.

Because that fairy-faced one
Showed another color,
Water overflowed from the source of life.

That beauty put such a fire to hearts, secretly,
That the assembly is filled by the smell of roast.

O master of the gathering,
Why don't you answer
To these tricky and crafty ney[7] and cenk.[8]?

What is this nine-eyed ney saying
About those eyes
That even the sleeping drunk
Wakes up and listens?

Heart can't stand in front of those eyes,
Even it becomes stone,
It melts like pearl and runs like water.

When that moon lifts the veil from his face,
Both worlds melt and turn into sea.

O cupbearer of blessed friends,
At least offer us a clean, pure wine.

You will also fill with this wine
From head to toe so you can
Receive the smell of Shems of Tebriz.



207.

Verse 2082

I have drunk such a wine from that beauty
That I have become ruined in appearance,
But I have flourished in essence.

I chose a secret fire and burned secretly.
The flame of this fire appears on my cheeks.

I have said thousands of aphorisms
About love in this world,
But I haven't heard an answer for even one.

My heart burns sometimes,
Sometimes stays raw
But I couldn't find a kebab[9] like my heart.

That moon showed me such a shape
That three hundred moons
Won't be able to see him in their dreams.

I have submerged into such a sea of honey
That even a bee
Could obtain its saliva from the waves of that sea.

Heaven is a most worthless curtain in his way.
Reason is a most useless cloud
In front of this moon.

Accept this world as clear, pure water.
There is a moon shining on this water.

If you hang around with Shems of Tebriz,
A moonlight will be reflected
To you from that moon.



208.

Verse 2091

I am so drunk, so run down,
That I cannot differentiate earth from water.

I can't find anybody in this house.
Maybe there is somebody.
You are sober
You come and search.

All I know is that this assembly
Is gathered because of you.
Besides that, I know
Neither wine nor kebab.

In essence, you are the soul of the soul's soul.
In appearance you are the Sun of the sun.

You are Jesus.
That's why your spell is so nice.
You are a flame.
That's why you burn Satan.

Change my habit because you are wine.
Make me smell good because you are rose water.

You are the morning breeze,
Make life hard for flies,
But make the garden smile.

If you are in charge of safety and security,
See all the drunks at the bazaar.

They say something like asking for bread.
Sometimes they answer like the sick.

Your smile fades away too quickly, like a flash.
That's why you are imprisoned
In the darkness of a cloud.

Come, enter the assembly
Of the eternal sultan and see the glasses
Whose sizes are like a pool, turning around.

You are a beautiful garnet, but you are in the mine.
You are beautiful, but you are behind the curtain.

If you fly toward the Sultan,
You are a white falcon.
If you fly to the cemetery,
You are a raven, a crow.

O one whose fate and glory is very young,
Clap your hands and say,
"My youth, O my youth, my youth."

Don't say anything to anyone.
If they insist, just simply say,
"God knows best."



209.

Verse 2106

I wish you wouldn't sleep like mind and soul
And help the affairs of the needy ones.

You are the light
In the mind of the night traveler.
For the sake of them, why don't you stay awake?

O bright moon, what would happen
If you turn around the prisoners of sky
For only one night and not sleep?

The world is a boat.
You are the Noah of time.
It would be nice if you don't sleep
And save the world from the flood.

You are Kadir's night.
You promised that day.
It would be nice if you don't sleep
And think about that promise.

Don't sleep, O my soul,
Sleep doesn't have the thing you have.
Don't sleep.

You are the sultan of the elephants.[10]
You are their head.
If you remember India, don't sleep.

You don't deem it proper to turn
The rose garden into a dungeon
With your kindness, your mercy.
Don't sleep.

Even if you sleep, only your eyes sleep. [11]
You are that light of immortality.
You don't sleep.

I keep silent.
I don't want you to say,
"O one who talks, one who talks."
You don't sleep.

If you see Shems of Tebriz's face,
It is worth it not to sleep
With the love of that sultan.



210.

Verse 2117
Tercî-Bend

What an ocean, what a sea of life you are.
Your essence is so beautiful,
What charm you have!

My soul asked the privilege to be free
From torture and suffering.
He lit a candle and sent it
As proof of privilege to him.

Even the iron is as soft as candle wax
In front of his love.
What an unruly, difficult love that is.

But the secret of his love
Is like a sugar-reed bed.
There are gardens of dates,
Pure, clear water and rivers there.

Sugar lips and moon faces
Are waiting with glasses in their hands.
Whomever you choose
Ask them to bring right away.

You are getting a kiss from every ruby lip.
Just like you are poor,
Their ruby lips are giving alms.

If you win at this chessgame, you are the king.
But where is that secret glory
When you are already checkmated?

The master of masters, Shemseddin
Is a soul-giving sea.
You are only a stick, a twig,
In this sea of glory.

What a sultan, what a beauty he is!
How peerless he is!
All scattered souls gather together because of him.

If Tebriz obtained a seed from him,
What would be missed from those treasures?

It is allowed that the blood
Of thousands of devout, decent people
Can be shed because of you.
That beauty made everything permissible.

What kind of Kaaba are you
That you offer soul to pilgrims?
What glory are you
That you reach every needy one
Just as he expected?

You are the crown for the heads which don't bend,
Even for the star of Zuhal.
Those heads praise you.

Every obstinate one has surrendered
And bends his head by heart,
Obeys you at your temple.

You are the brightness of soul's universe,
So your light is neither
From the sun nor from the moon.

All souls follow your orders.
Some take one-tenth,[12] others take haroc. [13]

O master of masters, Shems [14] of the world,
This praise for your brightness and stages
Is like a lampoon.

O Tebriz takes extortion from souls.
You are the one who commands the souls
And the one who takes extortion.

If the temperature of soul
Becomes as cold as ice,
It will melt with your fires.

Every living heart and soul
Talk to each other with your love.

The one who gets your smell
Doesn't care about the Joseph at the bazaar.

Jesus, who is at the fourth level of sky,
Becomes an envoy, a guard
In front of your glory.

Attainment of glory is our sultan.
Kindness and favors have gathered on him.

If kindness and favor had a tongue,
It would serve him three hundred times
For praising and thanking him.

If ears ever hear the words of that world,
They would know how many messengers he has,
And they would all give Munadi [15] for him.

Nature's mouth has been staying open
Since he has seen home.

Nature says to the whole universe
That after you, no other beauty like you
Has ever been born in the universe.

Hide yourself for awhile
So that the market of moon faces
Won't go down.

I saw the bloody love fallen to the ground
And covered by blood.
I asked what happened.

You shed all the lover's blood.
Did you also give your heart to such a wind?

He said, "I saw someone,
That hundreds of moons
Would have fallen into fire because of him,
Burned to ashes."

Master of masters, Shemseddin,
What kind of light are you?
Are you a sugar fairy
Or are you created from fire?

O heart, you are a disgraced slave at the bazaar.
Come to Tebriz for his love.



211.

Verse 2150

O heart, when you discovered the secret,
You quit all work and occupation.
You became idle.

Go. Fall in love.
Become insane and crazy.
Why do you turn out to be wise?
Why are you sober?

One contemplates in order to get something.
Yet, you have already become a total gift.

Look at the rule of Mecnum,
Because you also are passing through those rules.

Since you want to have pride and honor, stay sober.
What are you doing at the bazaar like a drunk?

Since you have become friendly
With the rinds[16] of this road,
Sitting at the corner won't protect you.

Go to the valley where you stayed once.
You run around too much in these ruined places.

There is a tavern next to you.
You became drunk from its smell.

After you get that smell,
Go to the tavern.
You go even faster than the smell.

Go to Kafdag like the phoenix.
Why do you become company
To ravens and vultures?

Go to the forest of meaning like lions.
Why are you looking for the fellowship
Of foxes and hyenas?

Go to the smell of Joseph's shirt,
Because you are in grief like Jacob.



212.

Verse 2162

How come you became frustrated
By a single thought
And buried your head upside-down into yourself,
Sunk into grief?

I put you together piece by piece.
Why have you turned
Into hundreds of pieces with anxiety?

You took all your belongings
From the garden of my love
And became a vagabond in that strange land.

I made the earth a cradle for you,[17]
Yet you froze and became wood for that cradle.

I let Ab-i Hayat[18] flow from stone,
Yet you turned your face to this bone-dry universe
And became stone, rock.

You are the son of soul.
Your work, your occupation is love.
How come you are involved with everything else?

You returned to the door of the house.
You have been wounded hundreds of times.
You kept turning around that house
Again and again.

Yet, you didn't settle down in the house.
You tasted hundreds of different sweets,
But you became a slave to self
Who draws you hundreds of wise ones.

Be silent.
Too much talk sobers the man.
You became drunk with beautiful looks.



213.

Verse 2171

I wish you would send relief for our trouble.
Kindly send rain to our fields.

I wish you would fool
The master of beauty out of the house,
Send him to the front.

I wish you would send
Soul's cupbearer of lovers
To the center of the drunks.

If you send my soul to the arms of the Beloved,
Every piece of universe comes back to life.

If you feel pity for us
And open your lips,
You send the best medicine for patients.

You said to the doorkeeper
Not to open the door for us.
You'll be sending us to the doorkeeper
For every breath.

I am a boat on this sea.
Is it proper to send such hard, blowing wind to me?

If you send a flood for lovers,
I wish you would be my captain.

O Moon, how long will you send me
As a gift to this one or that one?

The thirsty, burned heart of the lover wants wind.
Instead you are giving me trouble and tears.

That big one which you send to braves,
Pour wine with that.

If you send a letter secretly,
In return I fold my hear and soul like a letter
And send it to you.

When you rise from the East like the sun,
You fill this ignorant world with souls.

Please, O morning breeze, take this gazel
To the sultan's secluded retreat.



214.

Verse 2185

I am such a mortal
That has been submerged
Into the seas and essence of that immortal beauty.

Am I a Joseph at the bottom of the well?
Or a Jonah in the belly of the fish?

How long will you gaze at my apparent body?
There is satin in the mulberry leaves.

I am destitute, but not like the poor
Who go door to door for food.

I curl my mustache like executioners
In order to destroy my food-hungry body.

Nothing is worth anything for me
Besides the love of Shemseddin of Tebriz.



215.[19]

Verse 2191

It is too bad, O beloved.
You left us with lots of sorrow and regret.

You asked for mercy, begged,
But you went with that pitiless, cruel order.

You looked for help all around,
But couldn't find any.
You went away helplessly.

What has happened to your arms
That used to be full of roses?
What has happened to your moon face?
How did you go under the ground
In such a despicable way?

You removed yourself from the circle of friends,
Left the ones who care for you
And went next to ants and snakes
Under the ground.

What has happened to those words,
Those subtle points,
And the mind which knew all secrets?

What has happened to those hands
Which held our hands?
What has happened to the feet
That went to the rose garden.

You were courteous, you were beautiful.
You charmed the people.
Yet today, you went to the ground
Which eats people.

What was the idea behind that
That led you on this long,
Off-the-beaten, bad track?

When you started your journey on this road
With tears and wailing moans,
The sky cried and the moon tore its face.

My heart has been bleeding.
I don't know anything but to question you.
You tell me, when you were going,
Were you awake?

Since you are gone,
Were you blessed with the company
Of clean braves or did you go
With denial and deprivation?

What has happened to your sweet answers?
You kept silent, gave up talking.

What kind of mountain is that?
What kind of longing is that,
That suddenly you decided to start your journey.

I don't know where you went
That a trace of you doesn't appear.
This time, the road you took
Is full of blood.



216.

Verse 2206

A person, envious by birth,
Doesn't like other's health and happiness.

Don't be entreated by envious people.
They pull you down.

In the world of existence,
There is nothing
That will harm a person and others
Worse than envy and jealousy.

Be aware, break the heart and trap
Of envious people,
Otherwise, they break
The backbone of your fortune.

If you stay away from those brothers,
You'll be a saint to Egypt
And saved from wolves.

The jealous person may kiss your feet,
But in truth, down in his heart
He is ready to knife you with both hands.

He has no compassion, no love.
Why do you throw his dice?
He has no heart.
Why give him your heart?

If you retreat to God's fort,
If you find the way to that fort;
You will be saved from the envious forever.

Even if you are the son of the lion,
Leave him alone.
You may catch him when he is drunk,
But he is not a lion.



217.

Verse 2115

Hail to you, O purpose of existence!
We start drunkenness before sunrise today.

Since you are the wine,
It is necessary to drink wine.
If you become an idol,
It is necessary to worship the idol.

To drink from a glass
Becomes outdated in your time.
Offer wine from the jar
That can only be lifted with two hands.

Come and hear a story.
Since you entered inside me and settled there,
Since then, I have become essence.

Come O Joseph of beauties,
Come to Egypt.
You ascend from the bottom of the well
With God's rope.

O old hunchback firmament,
Since you jumped out of the hoop,
Hold the rope tight.

I am cheerful and lively.
I play the zurna[20] well.
Since you broke my ney,
At least give me sugar.

O beauty, flame of fire,
Give a kiss from your lips with little anger.
Since you closed the stores, give us bread.

Are you saying, "yes?"
O love, who is dressed in a shape,
Say you are the sultan of trouble,
The king of Elest.

When you say,
"Yes, this will make us ascend to the heights."
Our "yes" would pull us to the bottom.

Be silent.
Love is his own Mecnum.
Anyway, there is no room for Leyla or Fatma there.



218.

Verse 2226

Without the immortal sun,
Merchants would have neither a tree
Nor wealth and property.

If both hands of the shoemaker were not busy,
The cat would never get into the sack.[21]

The smiling rose wouldn't grow a new branch
If the wind didn't flirt with it.

The sky is a tent.
Akl-i kul[22] is the sultan.
It wouldn't be a tent if the sultan didn't ask.

Neither the stars nor Saturn would be created
Without the sounds of messengers.

If He didn't do a favor and send a cloud and rain
Not even one
Would keep turning around the table.

If there weren't a chemist inside of you
Neither blood nor saliva would be produced
From your soul with every breath.

If there were another secret world
Which was hidden from this world,
Your black heart wouldn't be enlarged
Into open space.

Keep these secrets,
Because if God's secrets were not hidden,
They wouldn't be treasure.



219.

Verse 2136

I forgot my namaz today because of my love.
I am not even aware if its day or night.

O my master, your face is my sun, full moon.
My bloody tears are your ruby present,
Your alms to me.

Your call gives drunkenness to every soul.
Everyone who comes to your temple
Becomes your obedient slave.

Love's path can only be walked through inside.
But I have lost all my patience and decision.
They are both gone.

When we met with this love once,
That brought the essence of living.

We grabbed and held the skirt of gracious ones
With the hand of repentance and remorse.

But this grabbing and holding did not help the drunks.
They couldn't find any relief
From the proof of salvation.

How can heart be orderly
If you drink the forbidden things?



220.[23]

Verse 2244

You are such a moon
That you don't fit in the sky.
You are such water
That you cannot be contained in a river.

You are such a pearl
That you exceed the ocean.
You are such a mountain
That you cannot fit in the valley.

How can I bewitch you, O sultan of fairies?
You cannot fit in the bottle and spell.

You are Leyla, but with the help of Melva[24]
You cannot fit in the mind of Mecnum.

You are such a Sun
That only the light of heart can be your dress.
You cannot fit in satin or silk.

You are such a Macun[25] that there
Is not such a Macun in Zahire.[26]
Never mind Zahire, you don't even fit Kaanun.[27]

The enemy kept asking, "How could that be?"
But you can't fit in *how* and *why* either.

You were a small baby
Inside the belly of this world.
You were comfortable there.
But you are grown now.
You cannot fit in the world.

Don't let these words be heard by ears.
Be silent.
You can't fit in every admiring ear.



221.

Verse 2254

This is our luck.
This is our destiny, O Master.
You took the journey.
You left this place.

My light is extinguished,
My smoke ascends to the sky.
My eyes are fixed on the height, O Master.

Earth became black smoke up to the sky.
Love is also dressed in black, O Master.

You were the only one for me in this world.
Now I have become very lonely
Without you, O Master.

Where is that luck?
Where is that glory
That he comes and see our situation
With your fire, O Master?

I keep saying, "O Master, O Master,
Come back!
Answer me, O Master."

Why should I come back?
What should I say?
I have gone, gone behind the seven oceans.

I became so confused
That I turned into the shape
That my enemy always wanted.
Your mercy, O God, O Master.[28]



222.

Verse 2264

What has happened to your promise, your oath?
What did you do with the thing
That was entrusted to you, resembling soul?

Why did you take love's game so lightly?
What happened to the birds hustling?

The joy of love is a secret treasure.
What did you do with that secret treasure?
What did you do?

Didn't you make an oath with me earlier?
Come, sit down and tell me
What you did with that oath.

Why do you put such a cloud in front of us?
What did you do to that smiling sun?



223.

Verse 2269

What has happened to your promise, your oath?
Where did they go?

You remember, you weren't giving up
This dizzy-headed lover
As long as earth keeps turning.
Didn't you say that?

Didn't you say,
"As long as the heart of the sun stays warm,
Our friendship will never experience cold?"

Didn't you say, "For the sake of men's souls
And manly behavior, our heart
Will remain one and act manfully?"

You are telling me, "If I torment you
It is because you did it first."

Is it proper to compare someone poor like me
With the sultan of sultans like you?

Even if I sell vinegar,
You give sugar and become more sweet.
There is no peer for you.
You are the only one.

I am earth.
If wind has raised my dust, forgive me.
Don't blame me.

The road won't feel shame from dust like me.
God won't be embarrassed
Because of the yellow color.

Shihab[29] of our fire would last forever
Like the nicknames of Shihabeddin Suhreverdi.[30]



224.

Verse 2280

O essence of nobility,
You are either a rose or totally sugar,
Because you smile like a rose
When you see me.

My precious,
You are such a tree in the rose garden
That when you saw me,
You pulled me from my roots.

What would you lose from your fame
If you ask, "O pained one,
How are you doing with my separation?"

I am the one who became miserable
Because of your separation.
I need you.
You are the one who could save me from that need.

Thousands of lives have been spent in this kitchen.
O poor heart, look at yourself once.
Who do you think you are?

I am placed at your door like a doorknob.
But what is the use?
You are at the highest roof.

Come, O hair, that resembles a club.
You have the command.
You are the one who threw me to this land.

Coreotu[31] is good for burning.
You are the beloved's.
Keep burning O heart.

Come, O love's glass of Shems of Tebriz.
You are the remedy for old trouble.



225.

Verse 2289

Tellal[32] says this, "Without suffering
You won't gain anything. That's what it is."

Think about it.
How much have you suffered since you were born?
How much blood has flowed from your heart
And eyes before you opened them to this world?

If iron saw the power and potential
You gave it, O my God,

It would melt with its fear, become water.
It wouldn't want to be a lifeless object.

But You hid this from iron.
You gave this power, little by little, every day.

In the end, iron became a mirror
And said, "Thanks, O guiding Sultan."



226.

Verse 2296

O my sultan cupbearer,
You came back again
And pulled us to the circle of drunks.

You made us break our repentance again.
You tore the curtains with one glass again.

You gave an idea that resembles wine,
Instigated trouble to the mind of drunks again.

Come, O gazelle, it is obvious
From the smell of your belly button
That you pastured from the valley
Where August's rose and water lily grow.

When you breathe in the valley,
Roses and purple flowers fill everywhere.

O sky, don't be ashamed so much.
Your back is also bent
Because of the love of my beloved.

Say, soul. If you don't I will.
You are hidden, don't show yourself
Because you are ashamed of His beauty.

O heaven, I'll whisper in your ear now.
Your door is all locked up without Him.
There is no key, either.

O dawn, you also saw my Joseph,
Like the women of Egypt, and sliced your hand.

I saw a fire in your hand last night.
I understood you were cooking a meal
In a full saucepan,

You also, O heart, standing behind the wall
Of His kitchen and hearing something.

You are not the bairam that comes twice a year.
You are the bairam that comes every day
Against the other bairam.

O my Master, you are the Omnipotence.
You are creating a peerless beauty.

You give such heavenly radiance
To an ordinary pouch.
No wonder you chose the baby from the belly.

Tell us, O rose,
Haven't you been the dry thorn
That scratched this one and that one.
From whom did you receive this favor?

You, O eye, you also belong to earth.
"How could I see?" you asked.
Now you are seeing.

You, O feet, you were stuck
In the place where you stand.
The One who made you runs,
Then you run.

You seem against the breath
And knowledge of Jesus.
O donkey, do you think you deserve this call?

Your knowledge is your inheritance
Like your possessions.
You neither remain, nor does the knowledge
You chose and acquired once.

I said to the old, worn-out world, "How long
Will you stay skin and bone like that?"
Rejuvenate and see the new fortune.

Come and watch *hope*.
It is not nice
To be endlessly hopeless inside of hope.

I reached Him, quit the words.
But I won't be separated from the Sultan.
You are separated.



227.

Verse 2318

I have heard that you praised this slave.
Since I am no one, you showed
Your greatness and your kindness.

You are the mine of rubies.
You are the soul of amber who felt sorry
And pulled this piece of straw to yourself.

I was worthless iron.
You polished me, made me into a mirror.

You bought me from the flood of Nothingness.
You are Noah's Ark and the Cudi mountains.

Smell, O heart, if you burn like aloe wood.
If you haven't burned, if you are still green.
Burn, burn because you are aloe wood.

O fortune, I slept in the shadow of success.
You are the one who opened
My road beyond the five senses.

There are neither thorns of desire
Nor need on that road.
There is neither Judaism nor Christianity there.

Soul will be freed from blindness and deafness
Beyond the land of this sky dome.

Why are you crying?
Go to the place where people smile.
Why do you hesitate?
Return to the place where you belong.

There are all kinds of diseases in this honey.
Look and see.
You'll get nothing but boils from this honey.



228.

Verse 2329

Fasting month came suddenly
With happy dresses.
Get up and salute in spite of the envious.

Do fasting.
Break the fasting on time.
There is a bairam with abundant favors
And immortal life for you.

Constantly houris would be submissive
To lovers from the beloved's God.

Thanks to auspicious incomes.
Thanks again and again.

Wine is offered.
Wine is offered again
Beyond the generosity of generosities.

We'll offer wine to him
With big full wine glasses.
Drop by drop absorption of wine
Will be seen under the skin.

Rivers are flowing in the East as well as the West.
They flow like rivers of paradise
Without interruption.

The fires of youth have been burning
And making fires, flame by flame, with happiness.
There is no fear that they will burn out.

The soul drank wine and became drunk.
Happiness for him.
O self, he calls you too.
Turn back and come here.

God's place is vast.
Walk around, be a guest to God
Who protects his guests.

Our God is calling us to return.
"Follow our order,
Keep your promises," he says.

When you meet us,
Yyou'll find no devoutness at our place.
There is essence in existence,
Essence in the existence here.

We don't deprive anyone
Who asks something from us.
We don't break our promises.

I will keep silent
Because I saw and heard
Everything you have seen and heard before.



229.

Verse 2343

You left us and became fond of the rose.
You keep your eyes on the rose.

The rose runs away from you
Because of your gloomy face.
I gave up the rose,
But you put your head right here.

You put your head down to kiss my feet,
But you couldn't.
Instead, you kissed the rose.

You may be an expert,
But you are unable to kiss
With those lips which taste of roses.

I have been rubbing two lips
With the soil you stepped on
In order to eliminate the smell.

O earth, how can I lift my lips from you?
You are the big instigator
Because you are the one who gave birth to the rose.

You are such an earth
That you have stolen favors from God.
You are a thief, you are a disciple, you are the goal.



230.

Verse 2350

O beloved, you flew away
From this narrow cage,
Freed yourself from the dungeon
Of robbers and pickpockets.

You cleaned the dirt and dust
From the surface of the mirror.
You saw whatever was on that mirror.

You have been hearing, here and there, some news.
You went to that exalted world
And saw that news with your own eyes.

You left earth and water to the earth and water.
Then, you took the material of soul
And pulled it to the sky.

You became tired of being around body,
You preferred to go with soul.

You freed yourself from the mother womb
Which is this world
And ran to the father of intelligence.

Drink wines that sweeten the soul
With every breath for the suffering we gave you.

Since you left, the whole universe has chosen us.
Now take anything you choose.

You have gone from this earth's saucepan
To the table of the other world
Because you are cooked.

The egg became empty without a bird,
Because you got out of this earth's egg
And flew away.

You won't fit in this world from now on.
Keep flying in the world, you like to fly.

Be silent. Go away.
They opened your lock.
Death has matched a key on you.



231.

Verse 2362

O heart, go. Go.
Turn to blood like you used to be.
Go to the valley and plain
Where you used to be.

Why are you rolling over
The dirt of existence?
Go to the furnace and brazier
Where you used to be.

How long will you be staying in this
"What has happened,
What will be happening" world?
Go to the land of Absence
Where you used to be.

Why do you try to turn the water wheel?
You are not an ox.
Ascend to the wheel of the sky
Where you used to be.

You look like someone
Who has indigestion in this pasture.
Go reach immortality
Where you used to be.

Why do you become dependent
On the medicines of Plato?
To Plato, that's what you used to be.

O one who sits alone,
Why do you stay in captivity?
Become a sultan, a baron again,
Where you used to be.

Your bronze body is a disaster for you.
You were the soul to Feridun.[35]
Go be like that
Where you used to be.

Find the eminence and glory
You experienced at one time.
Turn it into auspicious fortune
Like you used to be.

Quit arranging pearls.
Be a secret pearl in the ocean.
That's where you used to be.



232.

Verse 2372

You cut me like an umbilical cord
In the name of drunkenness.
Even then, O cupbearer,
Why did you leave me?

You create such love with every breath.
O One who makes everything appear,
Why are you not apparent?

There is the drum.
How come the one who beats the drum
Remains hidden?
What kind of lock is this that has no key?

An unseen hole has developed in the soul.
Wisdom has become the disciple of madness.

Thousands of colors came out of this hole,
But these colors are beyond white and blue.

Put your eyes on Absence.
Watch amazing things.
What a hope that is, coming from hopelessness.

Now you are the throne of God,
But once you were a piece of wood in that store.

You are well known in this village,
But you were in the world of Nothingness before.

Go back there, become one of them again.
Why did you fly away from that rose garden?

They tied your feet with hundreds
Of thoughts and illusions
And the epigrams of Amid.[36]



233.[37]

Verse 2383

O my love's dress, garment,
O my bairam, come to the love
That increases constantly.

They call us from borders to *come.*
The one who has been detained at the border
Will free himself with sharp eyes.

The sea which has been filled
With sweet water is calling us.
We quit doing *teyemmum*[38] with sand.

The Creator, the One where all prayers
Are directed to His temple, is calling us.
The one who stays behind will fall in sorrow.

Since we keep mentioning peerless stages,
We forget everything else.

Beginnings and ends are all in His hands.
For the soul it is nothing but to work hard.



234.

Verse 2388

Have you heard among names
A name like Shemseddin?
He is the essence of everything.
He is in everything.

What knowledge has mind in front of him?
Even head is the same as feet.
Have you seen that?

O heart, have you seen anything brighter
In these two worlds
Than the fight and emotion in his own circle?

Who has ever seen a pearl like him
From the beginning to the end?
If you have ever seen one, tell me.

There is no defect in that pearl.
If there is one, it should be an illusion.
Have you ever seen one?

Have you seen that?
Every being has prostrated at his temple
Around the curtain of Absence.

Have you seen a master of masters
Who ascended to the sky,
Who expanded and spread
But whose chest is still full of protection,
His stature taller than the cypress?

Have you seen such a beautiful sultan
That genie and human
Both prostrated in front of his beautiful face?

Even earth cannot match his patience.
Have you seen such forbearance
Even though he doesn't pay attention to anyone?

Subjugation is one of his bitter attributes.
But where have you seen
Anxiety and sweet, red lips together?

Have you seen him climbing the ladder
To rule the heavens?

Have you seen a pearl of such brightness,
Of such beauty that even soul
Became a nanny for him?

Have you seen somebody who will buy
That kind of garment with those false beads?

Have you seen a love
Which resembles water in softness,
Rock and granite in hardness?

Outside, I am nothing but sorrow and grief,
My inside is treasure.
Have you seen us in that amazing shape?

Have you seen, in both worlds,
Anyone who matches the sultan of sultans,
Shemseddin, in wealth as well as in glory?

O morning breeze, take our greeting kindly
To his temple for his honor.
Have you seen him lately?

All Tebriz came to life
Like the dirt is enlivened
By the horseshoe of the Archangel Gabriel.
Have you seen that?



235.

Verse 2406

A thorn has entered my heart.
Thank God that thorn is from his garden.

Tears and yells came from my body,
But my soul has reached the greatest glory.

Since I embraced such a Moon,
My good fortune will have no end, no boundary.

Put reason to his gallows,
Then watch the confusion afterwards.

My soul started to knit and weave your love
Until I finish the warp and woof of my existence.

If that pomegranate face
Becomes a curtain on the way,
I will spread fire to him like a rose.

Don't be deceived by a temporary rose garden.
There will be a day when it loses everything
With se-car,[39] will wither and decay.

You see the beauty that God has given such love.
You give your soul to such a Soul.

Shems of Tebriz, master of masters,
Even God is praising him.



236.

Verse 2415

O my soul, since you haven't reached Him,
With what frivolous thing are you keeping busy?
If to reach Him is not in your hand,
What is in your hand?

All you do is moan, groan and cry.
But crying and moaning
Have no value in His presence.

Even stones would cry for your situation
If they knew from whose union you are separated.

You used to take the lead.
You used to boast so much when you were with him.
You were his cave's friend.

You used to be the praise of sky with His union.
You have become a shame to dirt
With separation now.

You were drunk with the wine
Served from His union.
Now is the time for the hangover
To come and hit you.

But a stately bird brought good news.
A spring is coming from that glory.

This union is from His favor, from His grace.
It is not from mind, talent or dexterity.

Yesterday, his kindness visited an old Indian.
That old man turned into a beautiful Moon
And faced the young man.

O my soul, the reason for becoming so restless
Is because you have seen such things
From his beauty and his goodness.

What's the use
If I have a hundred possessions and sovereignties?
You are my life,
Yet you run away from me.

O heart, such a master of masters
Is away from you that you are lost without him.
You are without control.

O separation, you gave me
Thousands of wounds.
Now you have curled like a snake over its treasures.[40]

O my day of separation,
You resemble a black stream, like tar.
O my day of union,
You are white, shining like snow.

You were playing, gambling
With His union once.
Now you are gambling with his images.

O patience, you didn't help us at all
On the separation of God and faith's Shemseddin.

Maybe I'll eat sabirot [41] grown in the land Of Tebriz,
Then come to my senses.

Don't go ambling like my lame luck.
Watch the separation where I fall right in.



237.

Verse 2433

Come O Sufis, at least come to yourself today.
Yes, there is Sema, joy and pleasure today.

Come, they open the door from six dimensions.
A dust has risen from the bottom of the sea.

Come. Every head, every mind
Has filled with the smell of union of a soul
And the One who gives souls.

Come. Every ear, every reason
Has found a ring from absolute ecstasy.

Come. You'll find no sober ones
From East to West later.

There is a cavalry in every corner
Of this barren land where nobody passes
Through the land from the world of soul

Get into this fire like firewood.
The flames of this fire
Reach to seven layers of the sky.

At the barren land of Cuz' Nefs,[42]
There are trees and rivers everywhere.

Have you ever seen a tree
Embracing another tree in the garden?



238.

Verse 2442

My master, give the alms of your sultanate.
If you love me, if you have pity on me,
Don't go so quickly.

Strike slowly, O fiery lightning.
My eyes turned into spring clouds
Because of you.

Eyes cannot see the dust
Of His horse because of weak eyesight.

Curb, get down from the horse, walk on foot.
Help us so we can develop.
Because you are sun,
The universe is dark without you.

This is not separation.
It is death's suffering.
You throttle us with separation.

Soul runs like a shadow behind you.
He becomes so restless
That he goes beyond the shadow of indecision.

You drank so much wine
While admiring his face, O heart.
No wonder you are sick
And have a hangover now.

O one whose beauty is the cupbearer of soul,
What would happen if you pity me
And scratch the head of this dreamy one?

You held my hand and took an oath with me.
You promised that you would stay as my friend
Until the day of resurrection.

I am surrendering because of your oath.
For you soul's sake, don't abandon me.

Nobody will be able
To make an oath with you after that,
Because you are stone-hearted
And don't have much mercy.

You have been guarding broken hearts
With your eyes.
I wonder, are you more cruel than your eyes?

When I mentioned your eyes,
My heart went to the sea of Absence,
The ocean where souls were giving.

My heart is gone.
Your love will live long
With reaching his expectation and desire.

O love, don't stay away from lovers.
Live forever and help solve their troubles.



239.

Verse 2457

You are excellent, kind and generous.
But since you are sober and conscious,
Stay away from us.

Lovers don't like sober friends.
No fellowship comes from solemn ones.

If the cupbearer offers me less wine,
I cry, wail and grab his shirt.

I cry blood like a decanter.
I overflow like wine with restlessness.

I am tired and bored with thoughts.
How long will you get me involved with them?
Instead, offer me more wine, I say.

What trick can I set, O cupbearer, what trick?
You are the One who creates; sets the tricks.

You give reasons every moment,
Send me outside.
You are so shy, you are so jealous.

There is neither inside nor outside,
Neither glass nor wine,
But words keep flowing like that.

Kneel down, O my camel.
That's the place to settle.
Don't go out of that country.

I have been sacrificed to love.
How sweet is its tenderness.
This overtook my wish and my will.

O cupbearer, don't put me off
With impossible games.
Give me wine from large cups.

O full Moon, rise for us.
For love's sake don't pass through.

Save me from the world.
Make me so drunk
That I can't differentiate my right from my left.



240.

Verse 2470

Spring makes me smile.
A hangover makes my head dizzy.

A moon makes me dance.
A beloved took all my friends and family away.

I turned into string because of one
Who plays the harp.
Its sound is in the air,
But its string doesn't appear.

He created a world,
Raised it like dust.
Yet He hides himself like wind inside of the dust.

That sultan shone in life as a sparkle,
But hid himself like burning in the fire.

He is the one who adorned the rose garden,
Yet He hid himself in the thorn like a rose.

My heart says, "You better talk O cupbearer,
Because my heart is drunk.
At least you are sober."

My heart talks in silence like a mirror
In the hands of a bizarre mirror maker.

A strange form, a peerless beauty is reflecting
To the mirror because of the mirror maker,
From one breath to the other.



241.

Verse 2479

You are here with your body
But where are you inside?
Are you hunting or have you been hunted?

In appearance you look very quiet,
But you are so restless behind the curtain.

Your clothes are on the side of the river,
But you have plunged into water.
I wonder how you'll raise your head
Above the water.

The one who is an expert on this
Is with you where you stand,
But you'll be ashamed to ask for his help.

It doesn't matter how the branch moves.
As long as it moves,
It means there is a spring breeze.

O branch, don't move this way and that.
Don't try to run away.
Don't you know that the only help
You'll get comes from the wind?

This wind arranges your work
In hundreds of different ways,
Consoling and distracting you.
You don't even appreciate that.

The end of these words are:
You'll get all your wishes from him.
He makes you drunk.
He makes you sober.

Ask me now who he is.
He is Shems of Tebriz.
Know this well and don't scratch your head
With anything but his love.



242.

Verse 2488

O heart, don't ride your horse
To the sea of fire.
I am afraid you can't stand the fire.

Your existence is made by the reed.
You sound different in every breath.

Your voice would raise up the city,
But your reed field can't stand the fire.

O brother, you are burning with flames.
Don't stand in the city.

But like sustenance,
Go to one who needs sustenance.
Fire also attracts the reed.

Fire asks for sustenance from the reed
By crying and wailing.
That's why the reed is attracted to fire.
It begs and asks for fire.

Don't do whatever the reed asks.
Do just the opposite if you are sultan.

If you do the opposite,
The reed will hide from you.
When it disappears you scratch another head.

Such another being appears to you
So that whatever you receive from him
Is neither in the reed nor in the sugar.

He is such wonderful glory that he gives you
Different colors and different kinds of wine.

You will open the wings to sweetness.
You will show the beauties of the tulip garden.

Another sun will shine between this light,
And souls will turn into pearls.

You burn your wings with his light.
The warmth of his light
Separates you from yourself.

The core of the sun breaks open suddenly,[43]
In any case, the rose gives to the rose,
The thorn gets love from the thorn.

Words are unable to tell beyond that.
Words are good only for appearances.

Yet, the apparent forms are like rose petals;
They evaporate like drops of water.

You look for drunkenness and dreaminess
At the shore where roses evaporate.

Repeat the name of Shems of Tebriz.
Mention it because of him. You may succeed.



243.

Verse 2506

This soul has seen spring inside of him,
Watched amazing gardens and meadows
In the early dawn.

Such a meadow that the house of peace
And comfort for lovers are there
As well as kisses and embraces
Without lips and arms.

Even Firdev's[44] paradise
Is slave and servant of that rose garden.
Heaven is ashamed when it see its greenery.

There is a joy, a Sema gathering everywhere.
There is a marvelous beauty under every tree.

If a white-haired, elderly man goes there,
He becomes a rose-cheeked, musk-haired youngster.

The soul broke his chain like a lion,
Because the mad run that way insanely.

I wanted to know where the soul went.
I trailed him.
On the way all new things happened to me.

I have seen beautiful mansions,
But I haven't seen a trace of the soul.

Tell my soul to come back.
If he doesn't, you'd better come.

Bring something as a gift from there.
I would also like to put my body there.

Who is that Moon, that sultan of sultans?
God's mannered, peerless Shemseddin.



244.

Verse 2517

That peerless beauty of Soul's land
Embraced me so much.
Embraced me, embraced me.

He teased me so much on the narrow road,
Teased me so much, teased me.

Because of his love's flames,
A smoke came out of heart,
A smoke came.

Heart became restless
hen it fell in such a love.
No decision remains.

The horse of my heart broke its halter.
It broke its halter, its halter.

Love's halter raised dust on his head,
Raised dust on his head.

Such a hangover came to my head
Because of Shems of Tebriz.
What a hangover. What a hangover.



245.

Verse 2525

Love came and asked,
"Did you give your soul to me?"
Why don't you say, quickly, "Yes, yes."

Earth has been burned to ashes
By the fire of beauties.
Yet, face and the beauty of love
Have spread all over.

When soul sees love's face it says,
"Why don't you give me your hand?
I have gone from myself."

I saw love like a sign of glory.
But O there is such a fire inside of that glory.

Birds of soul are around this sign like camels.
They are nurtured by that fire.

While I was watching this from a distance,
A handsome cavalryman approached me.

He has such a face,
More beautiful than the Moon.
It even burns the moon.
His sleepy eyes resemble Mars.

Souls are like shadows in front of his face,
And the world is nothing but dust
On the horseshoe of his horse.

The most beautiful-faced beauties are born
Valley by valley
From the dust raised from his horse.

My mind has flown out of my head like a bird
And started riding an ambling horse.

Don't ask me anymore.
All I can say is that hundreds of people
Aren't worth a penny there.

I am such water
That love's sand has consumed me,
Not sand, but a sea
Which has no shore and no boundary.

It was said, at the city of Tebriz,
That I was beautiful like a tulip
In the hand of Shems of Tebriz.



246.

Verse 2537

Even if your body is here,
Your heart is at the garden and meadow.
As long as you want to hunt, they'll hunt you.

You tied your waist with your own flesh.
You are here, but restless inside of the wind.

Your body is like the suit
Of the diver on the ground.
But you keep going like a fish inside the sea.

There are veins in that sea,
Some clear and clean, others dark.

Cleanliness of the soul
Comes from those clean veins.
When you spread your wings to fly,
You'll see the track of those veins.

You are hidden like blood inside of those veins.
If I press you with my finger, you will blush.

That beautiful sound of the harps
Also comes from these veins,
And this cry is the reflection
Of the beauty of that cry.

All these sounds and melodies
Come from the sea of no beginning and no end.
It has no boundary, but has froth and foam.
It becomes rough and exuberant.



247.

Verse 2545

Last night I said, "O jewel of Buhaca[45]
You won't be content to be treated with contempt."

With the grace of God,
Only sweetness flows
From every sense in sweet souls.

It doesn't matter if hundreds
Of jars of vinegar overflow.
You don't see any bitterness in him.

Since God didn't give you
The head of drunkenness,
Don't ever pretend to be drunk
Or scratch the head of a drunk.

A wine comes to the soul from that wayside,
And soul drinks with pleasure.

He hides his smile from you because
He is drunk and has this terrible hangover.

To the merchant who sells vinegar,
That smell and bitterness
Are the sweetest things for him.

There is nowhere you can find beauty and joy
But on that face which resembles the Moon.
Taste and happiness come from that face
To everyone.

That moonlight reflects on your body
Like the favor of spring comes to earth.

It offers you green dresses
And saves you from becoming dust.

All the thoughts perceived that smell.
You also get out from heart like a pearl
And go there.

O cupbearer, come on and pour the wine,
Not the temporary, artificial wine.

We made the morning with pure,
Clean wine that is happiness.

Then we reached the auspicious evening
With that morning wine.
Keep giving the same wine all the time.[46]



248.

Verse 2559

Come O Sufis, today is the day
For Sema, wine and joy.
Yes, there are drinking pleasures today.

Come on, after a while
You cannot find one sober person
From East to West.

They plunge into the sea of drunkenness
In such a way with the love of a beauty
Whose cheeks and face are so charming.

You cannot hear the noises of these drunks,
Nor see the earrings of these beauties.

The greatness of this sultan
Cannot be contained in hundreds of universes.

But when His horse kicks up dust,
It gives the illusion and clamor of the cavalry.

Close you mouth, because there is no eye
Here to recognize the rider from the dust.



249.

Verse 2567

There is no light in our assembly without you.
In fact, our assembly is like a grave without you.

It is not far from your kindness
To call us to your side.

All the creatures are like this field.
You are the spring; the essence of them
Comes to existence with you.

Appear once so they will all become drunk.
Every part of this world
Manifests a different exuberance.

When you reprimand,
Hard water bursts open under the tander,[47]
Like the waves of a flood.

But when acceptance starts turning in the sky,
All grief turns into joy.

Be silent.
Quit arranging the bottles.
Maybe a blind one will break one.



250.

Verse 2574

Come, O Sufi. Today is the day
For Sema, wine and joy.
Yes, there is drinking and joy today.

O Moses of soul, take your shoes off,
Because there are no thorns
In the rose garden of the soul.

They changed doves into falcons,
Because this prey became a hunter for Him.

The drunks will be out of trouble
When their heads become drunk
With that red wine.

Drink, drink that and afterwards
You won't be able to find any sober one
From East to West.

Pay attention, perceive another smell.
Because there is a halter in that nose
That pulls to that smell.



251.

Verse 2579

For the sake of your soul,
Don't scratch the back of your head.
Don't say you are going.
Don't come up with an excuse.

You have many admirers, that is true.
But pay attention to these few poor admirers too.

Don't say, "I am busy."
Don't look for more work.
What would happen if you give up the work?
If this one goes, you can create new work.

You say, "I have to go, I have a patient."
But aren't you the one who is leaving our patient?

Who could be a worse patient then we are?
I have become so emaciated
That your eye can hardly see me.

You swear and say, "I will come back tomorrow."
Why do you swear? Who could hold your shirt?

You have been hiding something by swearing.
In fact, you are riding the horse of hiding secrets.

You are Moon.
We are the night.
Don't run away from us.
Without Moon night becomes dark and boring.

You are water.
We are thirsty crops.
Don't turn from us.
You are pure, clear water.

Scatter, O soul of the poor.
What would happen if you sow one seed?

Those are the kind of poor that own
The treasure of the country.
Even kings are ashamed of them.

They are poor only for you.
They are sultans for others.
They have a crown from you.

Moon is poor in front of the sun.
But for stars it would ride the horse of royalty.

I am your ney.
I have an excuse to sound like that.
You are the one blowing me with every breath.

Every breath in this world is counted.
O breath, what kind of breath are you
That you cannot be measured?



252.

Verse 2595

I have been submerged in a river.
There, a thorn is sticking in me secretly.

Although I don't see the thorn,
I can't get rid of the wound of the thorn.

I don't know what kind of thorn is in this river.
It keeps penetrating into my soul.

Look at my body.
The designer has embroidered
A different design on every part with a needle.

If I took my shirt off of my body,
I would dive to the sea like a bird of water.

He tells me, laughing,
After cleaning and surfacing to the air,
"Now you are splitting the waves of the sea."

I turned into a wooden bowl
In that fiery water.

I don't know where that seacoast has gone.
No shore is in sight.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You strike a flame from every breath
Because of your boredom.



253.

Verse 2604

It is vain for you to try
To separate my beloved from me.
I became him.
What can you do to him? Tell me.

You cannot see even a hair between us
And stay ashamed between us.

Even if the lover becomes disgraced,
Don't see his faults.
It is not the sea's fault
If there is nothing in it.

O one who is putting his hands in the water,
If you want to pick up dry bricks,
Come to this side.

You want to make rain from earth to sky
Like an upside-down cloud.

Love cuts your long, sharp fingernails.
You can scratch that head now.

If you decide over indecision,
You can settle at the coast of love, reach peace.

O sweet soul, don't bother the person
Who cannot differentiate spring from fall.

He could not see the difference between
A cough and a sneeze
Or tell the lion from the fox.

I said this and plunged into the sea of kingdom
And am swimming with the waves.

I quit my work and occupation
Because of Shems of Tebriz.
You are a good businessman.
Come and join my business.



254.

Verse 2615

O my beauty, you got caught
In a long thought.
Then you brought this thought here
To avoid friends.

Real lovers sit in front of the fire,
Unless they have fallen in temporary love.

Look at me.
I didn't pay attention to the whole world
Before this love.
I didn't care for anything.

By accident, I saw someone who has a moon face.
I touched the tip of his hair.
I was playful.

That was my fault.
I have fallen in such love that, since then,
It lasts like a hundreds days of resurrection.

If they shed my blood, the smell of musk comes.
I am such a martyr that it shames the gazi.[48]

Shems of Tebriz advised me and said,
"O lover, why don't you be coy
Like the one who is loved?"



255.[49]

Verse 2622

Happy and lucky
Is the wedding for us.

This wedding turns
Into milk and honey, sweets and wine.

It is helped by leaves as well as fruit.
This wedding is like a date sapling.

This wedding will smile like houris of heaven
Today, tomorrow and forever.

It is the evidence of compassion, firman,
O kingdom, here as well as there, this wedding.

Beautiful name, beautiful face
Beautiful fortune, this wedding.
Like the moon, like the sky, this wedding.

I'll stop talking,
Because it cannot fit into words.
This wedding has become part of us.



256.

Verse 2629

If you become a slave to our sultan,
While everybody cries, you'll keep smiling.

Even if everywhere in the world
Is filled with grief, you will
Overflow with joy and happiness.

If earth and sky turn upside-down,
Is burned, broken and ruined,
You will still live beyond both of them.

Even if the tent
Of six dimensions has been put down,
A throne will be built for you
At the seventh level of sky where they
Will announce your glory five times a day.

Everything longs to see you,
Yet you go behind hundreds of curtains.

You keep turning inside of heart like thoughts
In order to search for secrets.

O heart, look at the face of beauties.
Who are they that you would be ashamed?

Keep giving alms to them
Because they are new moons.
You are the full Moon.
Who could give you alms?

When you are depleted
From existence like a reed,
You will turn into sugar cane.
You will be filled with sugar.

Pawn your mantle to the cupbearer.
Why should you be covered with a cloak
And feel like a hypocrite?

Give your life with the love of Shems of Tebriz.
Be eternal like his love, reach immortality.



257.

Verse 2640

Look at this victory.
How long will you be arguing conquest?
Be drunk from the cupbearer.
Why should you become drunk with wine?

There is a soul's wine in this glass.
How come your eyes are fixed
On differently shaped glasses?

You made your ship by yourself
Like a bird on the water.
How long will you be suffering
The headache of the captain of the boat?

You are the explorer, the son of the explorer.
How long will you be listening
To the story of every traveler?
How long will you remember them?

"I blow from my soul."[36]
Offers new life every dawn.
How long will you suffer
The separation of the one who broke dawn?

A mature person's soul is Levh-i Mahfuz.[51]
How long will you play with the blackboard?

He ordered "Your sustenance comes from the sky."[52]
O farmer, how long will you be digging this ground?

This dewlap, which resembles an apple,
Is from that garden.
How long will you be satisfied with one apple?

The beauty of Joseph is a remedy for your wound.
How come you are looking for a cure
From every surgeon?

You may make a tune like a musician
With every part of your body.
How long will your eyes only
Cry and mourn for you?

Since we are all the same creation and resurrection,
How long will our souls be separated?

You keep your mouth closed like an oyster.
How long will you keep your mouth
Open like an alligator?

Close your mouth.
Also put a padlock on your mouth.
How long will you keep saying you lost the key?



258.

Verse 2653

That indiscreet one says,
"I am bored with everything."
I hope God bores him
Even withboredom.

He pretends to be angry, wants to fight.
I told him that boredom is stupidity.

He understood my play and became mad.
"Be silent," he said to me.
"Be silent, O crazy one. Be ashamed."

The one who follows this path
Doesn't talk badly about anyone,
Doesn't treat anyone badly.
If you do, you are an ogre.

I said, "Yes, isn't it bad for you if you deny me?
Isn't this evidence of your immaturity?"

He answered, "The contradiction
Of a knowledgeable person is to achieve something.
It is not from ignorance.

If a mature person says something impossible,
Make sure that is possible, O hululi.[53]

The one who knows tears and destroys sometimes
Stitches and repairs at other times.
He acts like a sultan sometimes,
Acts like the prophets at other times.

He doesn't fit into your interpretation,
Because you look for action.
He is essence.

Don't search for Him with your being.
Get out of yourself, leave your existence,
Because infinity has no boundary.

Be silent for greyhound self.
Be silent so I will quit saying,
"Don't talk. Don't talk."



259.

Verse 2604

 lively, fresh face, say something.
Don't get bored.
You have been a beautiful face
From the beginning.

If a silly image comes and collides with you
Because he thinks you are confused and silly,
That's why he collides with you.

Slap and take this image from your heart
So every stupid one sees
And takes a lesson from that.

The wrong image is the envoy of the devil.
You take refuge in God's messenger.
Make the other one repent.

A bad image comes and holds you
So you won't lose your path.
But a suspicion will wither you.

There is an image the resembles bright sun.
There is another image like a dark, black night.

If you twist his ear forcefully,
That suspicion penetrating your heart
Will make you a disbeliever.

The great ones are waiting for you.
Go faster.
Why are you being delayed here?



260.

Verse 2672

Images come to you like armies.
The ones I trust the most
Hide there in the worst places.

Those are misleading, wolf-like images.
I wish God would damn and destroy them.

How lucky is that person that his greatness
Ascends from great places.
He cuts the vessels of those images
Even before they appear.

These people are all Godly,
There is nothing in front of them.
They are great.
Their heart doesn't contain a trace of envy.

God is the only One who makes our verses
Known and understood.
Mefâilün Mefâilün faûli.



261.

Verse 2676

I have soul to sacrifice for your every breath.
Yet, you are falling in doubt
With every breath about me.

Look at me.
See my situation that is very clear.
Nothing better can explain that.

The world saw a reed from your reed field,
Now it is wailing hundreds of different ways,
Like the ney.

I also saw traces of sugar from the sugar field.
But haven't seen a sweeter trace than you.

You are everywhere,
But hidden at the same time like love.
I have never seen a wide open, clear secret.

All the world is looking for You,
Just like the proverb, "There is nothing
Sweeter than life."
Listen to these words.

You are not in the sky, O my Beloved.
But wherever You reflect becomes sky.



262.

Verse 2684

You are searching for the trace of separated ones.
What has happened to loyalty and pity?

There are fish in that dry soil of separation.
Come, O water of the sea of immortality,
Be kind and gracious, be exuberant.

How long is a fish able to live out of water?
What can I say?
You know better.

But, if I live or if I don't live, who am I?
I want you to live and stay in the world.

Thousands of souls like ours,
Even better than ours, will be sacrificed to you.
You are the soul to the Soul of souls.

You are telling me to be silent.
Haven't you promised that you would stay silent?

I swear by the ground you step on
That I am not by myself because of drunkenness,
Because of wine and confusion in my head.

I am not better than a closed jar in silence.
Even wine cannot stay secret in the jar.

Yet, the wine of love
Is much more fermented, stronger wine.
If it stays here one second, you will understand.

It will change the color of your face to purple
Better than hundreds of jars of purple-colored wine.

I would attempt to praise your lips,
But it will burn your mouth when you read them.

What a strange water bird is that soul of the lover
That it will bring water as a gift from water.

The thirsty find the taste of water in the fire.
Fire is the ladder to fire.



263.

Verse 2697

O heart, as long as you are delicate
And fragile, forget it.
You won't be able to see the delicately graceful.

O heart, if you get stuck with this color,
Turn into a tiger and stay like that,
You won't be able to enter heaven.

If you keep these bad tempers,
You won't be able to see the faces
Of beauties in the mirror.

Become beautiful because the mirror is beautiful.
It eliminates all the wrinkles from your face.
This mirror is a Chinese mirror.

Don't hide yourself.
Jealousy is the ambush.
It will see you as long as you stay in the ambush.

You hide yourself from yourself.
Turn your head, close your eyes
In order not to see yourself.

You are reciting YaSin[54] with your mouth,
But all your body becomes teeth with malice.



264.

Verse 2704

There is a mansion for me in the sky
With every breath.
Yet, you fall into dreams or doubt
With every moment.

You say, "He is expecting me."
You have been losing the whole world
Because of that illusion.

Do you think I am missing your false eyes
Which show the world like hell?

Or did I envy your mind that gives his life
To a muddy world?

How much light of the sun
Will you get from lightning?
How could rain be able to hide
And cover the whole world?

What would an ocean gain with one drop?
What would a treasure steal from one particle?
What would be my gain out of it?

What kind of freshness does the rose garden
Get from a withered weed?
What decoration could it find out of it?

It can't be better proof or evidence than this.
I swear on the glory of our charmer's eyes.

It is impossible to explain him.
No language is sufficient to describe glory
To his sugar-scattering lips.

My intention was to open one heart,
Not the store.
I wasn't that greedy.

My purpose is to have bread baked there.
I didn't intend to grab bread from you.

I was saying to give up from this one or others.
I didn't intend to be remembered
As such and such a person.



265.

Verse 2716

Raise your head.
You are the soul of drunks.
Bend your head down from the roof of no trace.

Pull to that side every moment
All the belongings of the ones
Who are longing for you
Because you are attracting them so beautifully.

The lover resembles a torrent,
You are the sea.
The lover is a chip of gold,
You are the scissors.

Start saying angry words like sugar,
Because you are scattering pearls
From your ruby lips.

What a nice mansion where all hearts are settled.
How nicely beauty and compassion have merged.

You bewildered the face of the Moon
With your beauty.
For compassion, you are hundreds of times
More than that.

You hunt thousands of gazelles with every arrow.
What a lion you are that your bow is so tight.

When you come close to any sea,
The sea will split
So you can ride your horse like Moses.

Your union made every soul sugar.
Each one says, "There is no second for me."

So many Moses on your stage say,
"No, no, you'll never be able to see me,"
With their jealousy.

Ask that *never, never's* secrets
From Shems of Tebriz.
Because the land of meaning is Tebriz.



266.

Verse 2727

In short, how are you, O beloved?
What are you doing in these troubled days?

I think of you day and night.
How are you
From these blood-thirsty days and nights?

How do you do in the smoke
That comes from the fire of Mongol soldiers?

How are you in this loaded boat
Among the waves in the rough sea
On the darkest night?

I am the sick one.
You are the doctor.
At least ask, "How do you feel, O patient?"

If you don't ask about me,
I'll ask, "O sweet beauty whose work
Is so beautiful, how are you?"

See the Absolute Being O heart.
Don't keep asking *how* or *what*.

Only say in Shems of Tebriz's ear,
"O sun whose secrets are so beautiful,
How are you?"



267.

Verse 2735

Turn my glass, offer me wine.
Show my abilities.
I became insane, but don't talk about it.

Not even *how*, *now*, or *what* have remained with us.
O peace of my heart, we don't have those.
How are you?

I saw people.
They became slaves to this world.
I tasted love.
The world became a slave to me.

Don't be afraid of the enemy.
Pay no attention.
The lover is an endless ocean anyway.

If I hide or appear in public, O sober one,
What does this have to do with people?

If love has become the guest of my heart,
How can people outside see me?

Since love is burning my heart,
Don't expect me to settle down
Anywhere in peace.

O self, the one who blames,
Be silent.
You are the guide to travesty.

To go astray with love is permissible for me.
The ruins of love are my shelter in my castle.

What a royal ship it is
That they sail it on this sea of blood.

My aim is Tebriz.
My desire is Shemseddin.
I yell and scream to all,
"Hold me, take me, make me reach him."



268.

Verse 2746

You neither reflect our fire
Nor articulate the secrets of our heart.

Heart and love both came from behind
These hundreds of curtains, naked.
They sit together.

If Archangel Gabriel gets in between them,
Still no mercy can be found in their fires.

They are in union every moment.
But they are wide open at the same time.

You will see so many big sultans
That they can only become doorkeepers
To their house.

The way to reach God is through Mount Sinai.
Otherwise, no mineral could stand this heat.

If you put hundreds of Akl-i kul[55] together
As a ladder, you cannot reach their roof.

If I tell you about the trace of the One
Whose trace doesn't appear,
The manhood of all the braves
Would prostrate in front of Him.

The alphabet I used about the light
In which even a single letter cannot fit,
Will be a gift to you.

Words and alphabets are all turned into a belt
Because of Shems of Tebriz's arrival.
If you have a strong waist, put it on.



269.

Verse 2756

You neither reflect our fires,
Nor articulate the secrets of our hearts.

Neither early morning sighs
Are confidants to our troubles,
Nor a friendly soul is found for our sighs.

We are neither the pearl
Which has been found in the sea,
Nor a sea that has rested a moment.

We are neither the meaning that came out of words,
Nor the words that can be narrated.

Language is like a canal for meanings,
But how could a sea fit in this canal.

Every piece of the soul's world makes a new world,
But this world cannot fit in the mouth.



270.

Verse 2762

How can you know the design of the designer,
The paint of the painter?
You are only form and flesh.
How could you be able to know soul?

You don't even hear the sound of the drum.
How could you be able to see the signs
Of the hidden secrets?

You are not even aware of the *C* of the curse.
How can you know the truth of the believer?

Sit down.
You still have thorns in your feet.
How will you be able to go
And see the green of the garden and meadow?

You are still naming this and that.
Before you give this up,
How will you understand them?

There are so many shapes in emptiness.
How do you know their forms?

Don't move your jaw too much,
Because you are in self's well.
How do you appreciate that well
On the dewlap?

Only the green tree knows the value of rain.
You are withered up.
How can you appreciate the rain?

Don't be cruel to the falcon like the black raven.
You don't understand
The king's falcon in this tenet.

You haven't acted like Solomon on love's path.
How can you know the language of all birds?

The Almighty, who is devoid of all faults,
Will protect and take care of you.
But you are an animal.
How do you know the One
Who sees and protects you.

Just an ordinary moon
Made you turn and dance.
How would you know
The moon of that whirling sky?

Shems of Tebriz has appeared in that breath,
But you are a devil.
How can you see the divine light?



271.

Verse 2775

Tell me, are you leaving this temporary world
With sorrow or with joy?

O friend, I wonder if you are on the left side
Or saved on the side of faith?

I wonder if you are the confidant of self
Who worships the dog,
Or the friend of the lion
Who walks the right path.

I wonder if you were last
Or won the last game?
If you win, you are dear to us.

There are lots of losers.
With good fortune at the end,
They become winners.

If you turned your prayer secretly to kible,
In the grave your face will be turned the same way.

The grave resembles mortar.
There, in order to be tried,
One is crushed and separated, piece by piece.

When you saw a germinated seed,
A tree with meaning came from that seed.

You have heard the sound
Of the drums of death many times before.
Don't say that death came suddenly, unexpectedly.

If you have done a good deed
During the time of your life,
Make sure that you are
In the shadow of that deed now.

If you started the journey with a good deed,
You are the sultan of sultans,
The light of the road.



272.

Verse 2786

O friend, who is devoid of place,
We have gone, left the town.
You stay well and happy.
It is necessary for you to live.

We are like stars who left you,
But return to you because you are the sky.

If one form leaves another one,
It comes to your stage house,
Because you are the soul.

Guests resemble four seasons.
You are the world, the essence of seasons.

We carry your beautiful image in our heart
Just as the redness of the sky at dawn
Is evidence of sunrise.

Heart stays with you.
It doesn't come with us.
How could it leave you?
You are the One who accepted the heart.

Let the heads and heart
Stay under your shadow,
Because you are the shepherd
For hearts at this pasture.

If you show your mercy,
Wolves lose their feet.

Let the sea tell its stories.
Then hear how stories will be told.



273.

Verse 2794
Tercî-Bend

Earth has changed so much
That it has become a different world.
It is such a world
That it is impossible to describe.

Its life has no fear of death.
Its spring doesn't fade with fall.

Its door and walls tell stories.
Its stones and bricks recite poetry.

If a raven goes there, it changes into a peacock.
Even if a wolf goes there,
It changes into a shepherd.

How does truth change in motion?
There is no passage from one place to the other.

Look at the field of thorns that dragged its feet.
It became a rose garden
When its situation was changed.

Look at the stone who dragged its feet.
When it walked, while standing still,
It became a ruby.

Take off your hand of meaning
From the water of appearance.
Because all the cooks set the tables.

Look at the angels
Who were born from devils,
How did so many devils
Give birth to such angels?

I have seen so many trees grown from the ground,
But who has ever seen a sky grown from soil?

The secret of *He manifests life from death.*[56]
Came open so lifeless dead acquired eye and sight.

I have seen a Kubod,[57] a Rustem.
A wrestler was born from a drop of water.

But I have seen neither a garden, meadow
Nor heaven grown from the wind of imagination.

Make the tercî[58] the translator of this gazel
And tell that a different way.

O pearl who manifests hundreds of faces,
You open thousands of doors everywhere.

But because of greatness, finesse, and jealousy,
You keep hiding more and more.

Quit being timid so you won't be alone.
Don't be obstinate so you won't stay a virgin.

Don't act like a wolf.
Don't hurt friends so you will
Be isolated at the plains.

Keep both your eyes on the land of Absence.
Arrive there, don't stay here.

Don't give your lips to everyone
Who wants to be kissed so you won't
Stay away from that beautiful charmer.

Protect your wings from the trap of coquetry
So you will be able to fly to the top to ascend.

Don't be a slave and servant to every dirty one
So you lose the love of our Mevla.[59]

Don't wither your face like gold
By worrying about silver.
That will deprive you of that silver face.

In any case, if you look with zeal
For the land of immortality,
You won't be deprived of this bread, this soup.

Leave the fight and argument.
Make your moves gentle and kind
So you won't be kept away
From the assembly of our sultan.

Constantly put the salve of greatness on your eyes
So you don't lose your eyes, your sight.

Fly to the sun like a particle.
Don't stay under the feet like soil.

Walk to eminence at night like a star.
Keep on the journey so you won't
Be deprived of that peerless moon.

Don't try to compare every pitcher
With the jar of purity
So that safe rope doesn't slip out of your hand.

Another terci is necessary after this gazel.
It is nicer if rose wine is served
One glass after another.

We keep reading you like the Sure of Hamd,
Because you also relieve the pain
And alleviate the troubles like the Sure of Hamd.[60]

Since you are our sworn, faithful, beauty,
When we call you, why don't you come easily
Instead of giving us difficulty like a knot in the gut?

Come to hearts because you are
The peace and comfort of heart.
Come to eyes because you are tutya.[61]

Bend your head and appear
On the windows of the heart.
Otherwise, there is no way we can be illuminated.

Since you are reason,
Man became crazy and insane without you.
Since you are soul,
Nobody knows your place.

Since you are wine,
When you hit the head of the drunk,
They abandon shame, modesty and devoutness.

Lovers always give headaches
If there is a beauty around.
It is impossible to villagers
Not to visit the city during bairam.

Open both your hands in playing with your life.
You are master even to Hatem[62] in generosity.

You stretch your legs according to your cover.[63]
So you become more knowledgeable than Kisai.[64]

If I don't know anything else in this world,
I know this: You add Soul to souls.

When you rise from the East like the sun,
Souls start all kinds of dancing, like particles.

Manifest as a snake to the enemy,
But be a friend to us,
Because you are a staff to Moses of cleanliness.

Learn the reasons for ascending to the sky,
Because you resemble the lamp of the sky
For illumination.

We set a trap for the third tercî,
Because we are expecting the return of the beloved.
With that hope, we became drunk.

O beauty who became a guest to souls,
O charmer who became company to people,

The garden of truth
Has bloomed and grown with you.
You are the water and wind to its green.

Once the beauties are gone,
You represent beauty and charm.

During famine, you are the one
Who sets the table of blessings
With His kindness.

You are the Star of Canopus
In the sky of meaning.
Clean and purify every flesh and soul.

You serve a pure wine
In the middle of the night saying,
"O thirsty one, grab this and drink."

What a cupbearer you are!
What a glass is that!
What a wine!
It is a blessing of blessings among the blessings.

Your wine gives virility to men,
Fertility to a thousand sterile beauties
So that they give birth
To thousands of charming shapes.

The life this wine gives,
Its pureness and cleanliness
Is the remedy of remedies to the patient.

When its drunkenness is absorbed in the skull,
It eliminates greed from the greedy
And badness from the villain.

The heart has become narrowed
Like the eye of min,[65]
Turned into a green, endless valley.

How lucky for those drunks
That they fill their stomach with wine.

They offer rahiyk[66] wine to the one
Who talks too much.
You keep drinking your wine and keep silent.

The greeting of the One
To whom even the sun is a slave and servant
Keeps coming to one who longs for him.



274.

Verse 2853

O cupbearer, take some of the weight from drunks.
It is hard to see any valuable person
Without trouble and worries.

O rose-faced, cypress-statured beauty,
Come to the rose garden.
You can't find anything
That gives better shade than the cypress.

He came down like a light
From the channel of eves.
In fact, there wasn't any gutter on the roof.

I wonder on which house that roof sits.
What a happy place is that house to be
And how lucky is that family who lives there.

Who could expect to find the trace
Of the one who rose from that kind of instigation?

The heart that has been submerged in the sun
Now is filled by sunshine like the sun.

Forget the greed of this belly.
Rub your shoulder with a wrestler.
Measure yourself with a hero.

O brother, isn't it funny?
Aren't you ashamed of a soul
Who is in need of a piece of bread?

He called us Ab-i Hayat.[67]
You should have another store
Besides this baker's store.



275.

Verse 2862

O one who makes time his slave and servant,
O one who nullifies the beauty of beautifuls,

O one who makes pure clean water
Flow with his kindness,
There is no such cup in the world of existence
That is able to contain that water.

Secde[68] of higher and lower for everyone
Is only Shemseddin who is the sultan of meaning.

O Tebriz, all blessings and good news to you.
Casts are all prostrating for you.

God has set such a shade over Tebriz
That even remembrance of it
Spreads light over the heart.

You are greater than my praise, greater,
But my tongue doesn't have patience.



276.

Verse 2868

Are you the one
Who attracted Joseph's heart?
Are you the one
Who sent the moon to the sky in jealousy?

O moon, you are far above everything.
You are most pleasant.
You don't have a peer in this world
Nor in the other.

The souls who have heard your morning
Started their night journey
In order to reach you.

But swift night journeys won't help,
Because the one who owns the throne of God
Keeps protecting you.

I am such a person
That the breath of Jesus killed me.
I died from the water of life.

My heart turned into blood
With your separation.
But so many shapes of souls
Have grown from that blood.

All the pure wine in big jars have become
Sedimented, fermented and have overflowed
Because of your pains.

Shems of Tebriz is such a master of masters
That there is no one like him in the world.

The postman of creation has never brought
Such a gift like him to these two worlds.

Thousands of souls should be sacrificed to his
So they can be immortal.

It is a shame
That there aren't newly-designed words.
These words don't explain meaning properly.



277.

Verse 2879

This heart has been falling in love
With such a sultan that two worlds
Have taken refuge under his favors.

If his kindness reflects to fire,
Green grass grows from that fire.

When my soul saw his charming beauty,
It left all its sighs.
Only one sigh is left.

If his beauty reflects on worms in the earth,
A full moon appears in every handful of dirt.

The tumult and uproar of those eyes
Put black dresses on my soul.

The bitterness of his separation
Made sugar seem like poison.
The soil of every path is smeared with blood.

If he didn't give the promise of his union
Every once in a while,
Earth would fall into fire from the sky.

Hundreds of Josephs appear from his image.
Each of them has unseen wells on their dewlaps.

I fell down into each one of those wells
In order to reach that rank of Joseph.

O master of masters, Shems of Tebriz,
Don't avoid these souls who are filled with fire.

He tells a secret to the ear of lovers
When his love's harp is played.

His love spreads such a fire
To the forest of soul
That it burns every permanent thing.

The soul who turns to his beauty's kible
Keeps doing namaz after namaz.

Glitter in the heart and charm
In the beauty of that sultan
Adorns his satin-covered throne.

The raven which eats grain from his harvest
Changes from a raven to a falcon.

Particles of soul start singing
Melodies from Hicar[69]
With the love of his face.

Why are you afraid of death?
Go, acquire a long, immortal soul
With his love.

What a life is that,
Sweet, pleasant, drunk with love,
A pure clean life.

But O my friend, coyness deserves him.
It adores him.
Don't ever try to be coy
In front of his coyness.

O master of masters, Shemseddin,
Pour the same glass to the mouth
Of a sweet soul, like you did before.



278.

Verse 2899

I have decided, at the end, with my heart.
"Run away," I said to my heart,
"Run away from his fires."

"I am telling you, O heart."
I am telling you, yet you shake you head
Like a joke, saying,
"Yes, yes you are making fun of me."

I have lost my hands and feet
Because of you, O heart.
Yet, you are in the neighborhood
Of that moon-faced, sugar-cheek one.

My heart answered, "You haven't seen
What I saw.
You think you are saved now."

"I am someone in bits and pieces,
He is the whole of wholeness.
He is a sea of fire, I am only a sparkle."

I saw him.
He was like a rough sea.
Yet, my soul was a drop in that sea.

A sun showed his face to me from Tebriz.
My soul started to move like particles.

Master of masters, Shemseddin,
Looked at me in such a way
That nice water is boiled
And overflows from my fiery heart.

A new soul has kept growing from every drop,
Then keeps flying over a tulip garden.



279.[70]

Verse 2908

Where are you, O God's martyrs,
O ones who looked for troubles
In the Kerbela[71] desert?

Where are you, O impatient lovers,
O ones who fly faster than birds in the sky?

Where are you, O sultans of sky,
O ones who know how to open the doors of sky?

Where are you, O ones
Who are saved from soul as well as place?
Who could ask questions
Of where you are to the mind?

Where are you, O ones
Who break the door of the dungeon
And free the debtors from jail?

Where are you, O ones
Who opened the door of the treasure?
Where are you, O ones
Who became the possessions of the needy?

You are at such an ocean
That this universe is the foam of that ocean.
You had known how to swim long before.

Shapes in this world are the foam of that sea.
If you are one of the clean people,
Give up the foam.

My heart is exalted, excited
That this world came into existence.
If you belong to us leave the forms
And try to go to essence.

O Shems of Tebriz, rise from the East,
Because you are the source of source
Of the source of every light.



280.

Verse 2918

O heart, when you are fasting,
You are the guest of God
And deserve the meal of heaven.

Since you close the door of hell this month,
You open thousands of heaven's gates.

This ice doesn't stand too long, it melts.
Sell it quickly, learn this business from God.

Take this mantle
Which is made with four patches:
Earth, fire, water and wind.

If you cannot get out of the mud,
At least take that mantle out of partial soul.
Be naked, appear that way.

Soul came to love's temple to apologize,
Saying, "You are the source of apology."

He says, "O love, we made a mistake.
Forgive us, accept our apology this month,
O Turk from Hitay."[72]

Love answers with a smile,
"I hold your hand.
I know you are handless and footless.

"I am the doctor.
I want you to be on a diet,
Because with this fear you are sick of hope.

"Stay on the diet and I'll make a potion for you.
When you drink it,
You won't come back to yourself."

I'll keep silent.
Love will tell the rest,
Because his words add soul to souls.



281.

Verse 2929

My heart is so cheerful with God's beauty
That God saves us from separation.

Since you are one of our people, our friend,
Look at our Beloved.

There is only one condition:
Don't play the wrong game with us.
Even if it is right, don't play a game with us.

The wild ones ride the horse of reason
Who stay close to the body
Which resembles an elephant.

They stayed behind the vizirs
Of immortality's sultans.
Their faces are withered.

It would be nice if you knew that Moon
Who destroys the stars with disloyalty.

What makes a difference if the Moon is not known?
The Moon is still the same Moon.
What a Moon
That is neither in the sky nor in the world.

Because the Moon of sky and Moon of earth
Both become full then they
Inevitably hide and disappear.

Yet the Moon of soul has full control
Of its manifestation.
It could appear or disappear as it wishes.

O body, pour out your woes.
In front of soul you are like
The seed of uzerlik[73] and coreotu.[74]
You are alchemy for the evil eye.

Because the evil eye
Could only effect the body,
The eyes of lust and affection
Can't reach meaning.

I would embrace him
In the house of body,
Because he is the one
Who adds Soul to soul to body.

Your spirit has been constantly
With us here.
O Shems of Tebriz, where are you?



282.

Verse 2942

Come, O beloved, you are ours today.
You open and scatter like a rose
With us today.

My God, you save us from the evil eye.
My God, you save us from separation.

If my own evil eyes cut my own road,
You make me out of myself with one glass.

I put my hand over my heart
In order to stop it from flying.
But you can even snatch the heart
From marble or granite rock.

If you rise again tomorrow the same way,
Neither I nor my heart
Nor even the universe will remain.

Your finesse exceeds the water of life.
Its kindness begs something from your favor.

It would be either Islam or blasphemy.
Listen, you are
The glory of God, or God, or God's honor.

Be silent. Keep your eyes straight to the sun,
Because the sun gives up poverty.



283.

Verse 2950

Come O water of life,
Start a melody.
Make my head turn like a millstone.

Come and get involved in this work.
If it happened, it should happen this way.
Heart is confused in one place,
I am somewhere else.

Branches and leaves don't move without the wind.
A piece of straw doesn't fly without amber.

If one piece of straw doesn't move without the wind,
How come this big earth turns
Without the blowing of the wind?

Every piece of this earth is a lover.
Every piece is drunk with union.

But they don't tell their secrets to you.
Secrets cannot be told to anyone but a confidant.

The confidants eat meals
From the rich table of the host.

Didn't ants tell their secret to Solomon?
Didn't the mountain also call out to David?

If this sky weren't a lover,
Its face and heart
Wouldn't be so pure and so clean.

If the sun weren't a lover,
It wouldn't have a trace of light on its face.

If the plains and mountains were not lovers,
Not even the smallest green
Would grow in their heart.

If the sea didn't know love,
It would be settled down somewhere now.

You also be a lover
So you can recognize the Beloved.
Be loyal so you can find loyalty.

The sky didn't accept the entrusted load [75]
Because it was in love
And afraid to make a mistake.



284.

Verse 2964

Learn chemistry from the prophet so you'll
Be happy with whatever God gives you.

The minute you accept the trouble you receive,
Heaven's gate will be open to you.

When the envoy of sorrow
Comes to you, embrace him.
In fact, you are familiar with him.

Offer joyful greetings
To the cruelty that comes from the beloved.

That charming beauty
Who gives sugar with sorrow
Will take her carshaf off.

Grab that carshaf of sorrow,
Because it is very beautiful[76] and loyal.

I am the one who is fond of women
In this neighborhood.
I try to hold every beautiful face's carshaf.

All the beauties dress in dirty carshafs
So the one who sees them thinks they are ugly.

I have been fed up with my life.
I worship a dragon.
If you are also fed up with your life,
Hear my invitation wholeheartedly.

Sorrow sees me only while I am smiling.
I don't invite trouble, I call remedy.

There is nothing more auspicious than sorrow,
No end for its rewards.

You cannot get anything by being bad.
I will stop now in order to prevent
Some mistake from coming to the surface.



285.

Verse 2976

Since you are not my arm,
Where are you O beloved?
Wherever you are,
You add Soul to souls.

You become angry with me,
Yet you get along with all the bad ones.
You throw yourself
To every fire for obstinacy.

You see me,
Then act like you didn't.
Loyalty and friendship are like that.

I used to be a high, exalted person.
With your love, I became contemptible.
But watch the greatness of God in that contempt.

I abandoned the whole world
So I wouldn't get the smell of separation.

O impatient one, your face has turned sour.
With that you are saying it would be disloyal.

Although your heart desires cruelties,
You go ahead.
But you are still our soul until resurrection day.

O fertile sky, keep giving birth after birth.
You cannot bring such a moon.
You cannot! You cannot!

You are the stately bird
At Shems of Tebriz's Kafdag.
You are the stately bird, stately bird.



286.

Verse 2985

I have a question my hodja,
For God's sake tell the truth.
How come you are so sweet
And so beautiful today?

What is the moon
That I can call you *Moon-faced*?
Who is the soul that I can
Tell you are adding Soul to soul.

I have prayed, begged God
To find a worthy model to your beautiful face.

Never mind about all of this.
How are you with us?
You are soul.
You don't fit in time and space.

You have gone a hundred years
Beyond time and space.
You are in the waves of greatness.

You cut the neck of whims and fancies.
Separate from the desires of yourself.

You turn completely into desire
Of the beloved's heart.

You are surrendering to him.
You gave your submission.
You earned this content.

I gave up all of these, too.
How are you O my soul?
Because, right now,
You become mighty with magic.

You are casting hundreds of spells on us.
You appear to the world
In hundreds of different ways.

You appear like a dungeon or a well sometimes.
At other times you appear like a rose garden,
Become a beauty who enlightens hearts.

The thing that you made a snake,
You made the branch of a tree,
You made a staff.

Everything in your hand is a chameleon.
Men are like that.
Animals and plants are like that also.

Sometimes he resembles the Nile,
At other times clothed blood.
Sometimes he is night,
Then turns into bright day.

Everyone's fear has been relieved with that hope.
"You open the contrary with every opposite."

I have a few questions for you.
Explain them to me.
When we are in trouble, our hope is with you.

Since you are the front, you are the back
From where these words of loyalty
And disloyalty come.

The second one is that,
O one who has no peer,
Aren't you a salve to cure squinting?



287.

Verse 3003

Come, O beloved, you are ours today.
Where are you? Where are you?

You turn to sun from the light of shadow.
You are a windfall,
A windfall, windfall.

The world is not temporary,
Because you are the one who gave immortality.
You are the one.

The world turned into a harp.
You are the sound of it.
You are the sound of it.

If the lover loses his head,
You become the dress for him.

I become silent.
For God's sake, act like God.
Act like God. Act like God.



288.

Verse 3009

You appear everyday from that hill
And carry water to the thirsty ones.

Every morning you offer light to the earth.
You are the soul to the soul of sun.

Two eyes will fall in separation
On the day that light,
That brightness doesn't arrive

You are a sea telling earth,
"Plunge into me so you will learn to swim."

You tear the lips of disbelief and ingratitude.
You are a rough sea of charity and giving.

You opened the eyes of everything in the ground.
They all wondered how you did that.

The throat of soul is burned by sweetness.
How come you are so sweet?
So sweet, so sweet.

If I keep turning like a millstone day and night,
It is because of you.
You are the water of the mill.

The mill can't stop even if it wants to stop.
It can't escape from your turning.

The stone which you turn
Through chemistry will become gold.

Earth rotates with you.
You are the soul of earth.
It doesn't know your place,
But that's what it is.



289.

Verse 3020

O beauty who adorns my heart,
How come you are so beautiful?

I suppose you are soul, universe.
But how come you are adorning
This soul and this universe?

I suppose you are Hizir, ilyas.[77]
How come you are adding life to life
Like Abu Hayat[78] of Hizir?

I suppose you are the world, you are faith.
How come you are the essence of love
Like the world?

I suppose you are the treasure of Kar'un.[79]
How come you have white, shiny hands?

A friend sheds the friend's blood
Because he is jealous of you.
How come you are so sweet
And, at the same time, so belligerent?

Your light fills everywhere
From one end to the other.
How are you able to hide
From eyes like the phoenix?

Sweetness is not in the nature of wine.
How come you can be wine
And, at the same time, halva?

I criticize saying,
"Why do you talk to someone like him?"
Then I miss your talk.
I quarrel with myself.



290.

Verse 3029

Souls will achieve immortality
From someone whose manner
Has been influenced by God's manner.[80]

They beat the drum of greatness
Five times a day at his door.

If the sound of this drum comes to this side,
Everybody will give up their selves
And their existence.

How can earth tie itself to one
Whose soul has already ascended to sky?

There is no grief if you worship very little
When help comes from God.

What worship could be counted
At the stage where the Beloved
Offers soul to you with His love?

Suddenly His love comes and saves you
From the soul wandering in the sky.

He would forgive all the acts
You committed in your madness.

You can't measure the value of the one
Whom you love wholeheartedly.

The one who gives glory to glories
Is the one who has all the secrets.
He is the Master of masters.

If you would be honored to see His face,
You won't enter heaven,
Even if you beg hundreds of times.

The wish of my soul is Shems of Tebriz.
My soul won't be separated from him.

Separation of body has tied me,
But I am hoping to be free from that also,

Because he has such power in his soul's hand
That even Akl kul[81] can only make nonsense
In front of that power.

Thousands of thanks to God
That I have medicine from the love
Of his eye in my soul.

The creator of the sky gave me water.
Thanks to God, thanks to God again.
Thanks to God.

I have been illuminated from the One
Who gives light to every light.
I have benefited from the treasure
Which has been buried and hidden
In the secret world.

He would benefit them from secrets.
He would save them from trouble.

He would bring them back to life
By having them fall in love,
Give them a life that is free
From the attacks of every evil.

The desire I have is a sign
Of the good news of my union.
Soul's kaftan surely takes off body's dresses.

I will reach my desire from their greatness,
Divine attributes and manifestations.

The greatest of the great, Shemseddin,
Will dress me
With a dress of immortal life as a reward.

When my master exalts
And ascends me with union,
I can see the prostration
Of fate and glory to me.

His path, his trace have reached me
With the love
Which will last all of my existence.

As soon as I fell in love, I understood
That complete glory is at the end.

All my wishes and hope are
That his shadow will never cease in our head.

No, his help is such a sea that my hope,
My wishes are all submerged in that sea.

The meanings of our soul are pure, clean water.
But they become bloody with words.



291.

Verse 3057

Come, O sorrow, you are very loyal,
Because you are the cloud of tear drops.

A poor woman went to Abbas[82]
And said, "Please teach me how to beg.

"God will open to you the door of deceit.
You are the one who could teach
The method of begging.

"You are Nu'man[83] in this way.
You talk nice, your manner is nice.
Please give me a lesson.

"I am such a poor one
That even my breath is frozen.
My sustenance is nothing but chewing thorns.

"Teach me a new, hot begging method,
Because you are the master of the best beggars."

As you know, the prophets are God's Abbas
As far as getting their nourishment
From the traces in the sky.

Different begging of worship exists.
That sea of charity becomes rough and overflows.

It exalts from fasting and namaz.
Ceremonies of hadj, avoidance of evil,
Are turning into a lion at war.

Your worship is assorted and of different kinds.
There is also different malice, haram.[84]

Abbas told the woman, "Go away,
I am bored with this.
Don't give me a hard time,
Say 'long life' and go away."

But the woman kept begging
And said, "Don't make me desperate."

But the master tried to get rid of the woman
And told her, "Even if you give me trouble
After trouble it is useless and won't do any good.

"I am tired and don't remember anything now.
My tricks and deceit won't do anything for you."

But the woman kneeled down,
"My children will die from poverty,"
She said with tears.

She cried a long time.
At the end Abbas congratulated her.
"Always do this," he said,
"You are better than I am.

"Those two eyes of yours steady Abbas for you,
Crying softens even the hardest of hearts.

"You can enter paradise with tears.
Go away.
Why are you waiting?"

The tear runs along with the horses
Of martyrs and does the same thing.

God gave the ability to open hearts
To the person who is able to cry.

There is another useful thing
That comes from crying,
But I am tired of poems and bragging.

To serve heart is even better than crying.
One satin is better than fifty woolen dresses.

Because of the essence and purpose of the heart,
Tears are only a reason.
Wet and dry have no place in the Divine.

Be silent. Sit down and turn toward heart.
You have a flag from the sultan of heart, anyway.



292.

Verse 3081

Come O sultan of beauty,
You are the maturity of maturity
Of the mature ones.

You made one illusion so real to the people
That their imagination has been obsessed with it.

You reflection is the guard
Of the city of separation,
But you are the sultan of union.

You are the sun, soul is your shadow,
But you don't set like the sun in the sky.

You make the world laugh,
You make the soul cry,
But you don't cry.

You are the hands and feet for everyone
Who have no hands and feet.
You are the arms and wings for everyone
Who have no arms and wings.

You create so many who are spared,
So many who are in sorrow,
Then you act coy saying,
"I don't have anything to do."

Who is the master of masters besides Him?
Who else is in the world of existence
Besides the One who has greatness?

You are the source of kindness.
Lover's grief and kindness, deceit and tricks
All come and grow from that kindness.

Your greatness cannot be contained in souls.
You are beyond comprehension and imagination.

My mind doesn't understand without You.
My hand doesn't reach anywhere
If you are not in my arms and wings.

It is a big favor to grant our wishes.
In fact, it is from You
That we are able to make wishes.

We ask for health and happiness from You.
We ask to relieve illnesses and sorrows,
Ask that our souls be able to ascend
And become happy and healthy.

We ask easiness from you,
To relieve us from burden.
Take some of the load off our backs.

We become incongruous with that.
We haven't had the proper wishes.
You kindly beautify all our manners.

You inspire us with the correct prayer
So we stand under its shadows.

If you don't accept our prayers,
We won't be able to benefit from your favors.

Isn't a handful of soil enough
For the palm opened to God
Who is beyond any peer and example?

There is pleasure in your grief
For the heart that has been purified
Like clean, pure water.

I have words about your favors in my heart.
I have been hiding them
Because of my jealousy, not boredom.

There are screams and excitement in my heart.
I can hardly keep them silent.

We have finished with our words.
God knows better.
It is guilt for me to be lean in love.



This is the end
of the final third of

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

NOTES

1. Hasan: A random name.
2. Lokman: A relative of Job. Koran XXX.
3. Huten: Town in Eastern Turkestan.
4. Suheyl: Star in Ursa Minor. It shines in the sky of Yemen.
5. Kurban: Before sacrificing the lamb, they pray with the Koran.
6. Rebab: A three-stringed instrument.
7. Ney: A reed flute.
8. Cenk: A harp.
9. Kebab: Roasted meat.
10. ...elephants: The elephant of soul. According to folklore, when the elephant sees India (its own country), it becomes exuberant.
11. ...Sleep: Hadis. Cami II, p.3.
12. ...One-tenth: One tenth of taxes from the harvest.
13. Haroc: Tax, tribute.
14. Shems: Sun.
15. Munadi: Public cries.
16. Rind: A jolly unconventional, humorous man.
17. ...You: Koran: LI-48; XX-33; XLIII-10.
18. Ab-i Hayat: Water of life.
19. This gazel was most likely written when Mevlana learned of the death of Shems.
20. Zurna: Shrill pipe. A reed instrument resembling an oboe.
21. ...Sack: Putting a cat in the sack means "cheating."
22. Akl-i Kul: Universal intellect.
23. This poem is in Arabic.
24. Mevla: The Lord God.
25. Macun: A sweet fruit with medicinal value.
26. Zahire: The name of 12 volumes of medical books of Zeymuddin Ismail Curcami (d.1135) Zahire-i Harezm Shah.
27. Kaanun: Name of medical book of ibn Sina, (d.1036).
28. The first and second lines of this verse are in Greek.
29. Shihab: Sufi master who died in 1144 in Bagdad.
30. Shihabeddin Suhreverdi: Sufi (d.1144) known for his work, Avarigul Maarif. A sufi Shems admired (Menakib p.674. Contemporary of Mevlana.
31. Coreotu: Seed of Nigella sative, used to flavor. Also thrown on the fire to overcome bad luck.
32. Tellal: Town crier.
33. ...Guests: Koran: IV, 97 - XXIX, 59 - XXXIX, 10.
34. ...Promises: Koran LXXVI - last verses.
35. Feridun: Persian mythological character from Cemshid family.
36. Amid: Vizir of the Tugrul bey Selcuk period. His real name was Ebu-Nasr Muhammed, known for his literary knowledge. He was killed in 1063-64.

37. This poem was written in Arabic.
38. Teyemmum: Ritual ablution with sand.
39. Se-car: Backgammon term (three-four).
40. ...Treasures: It was an old belief that treasures were guarded by snakes.
41. Sabirot: A medicinal herb, called Sabir patience.
42. Cuz' Nefs: Self in every day life.
43. ...Suddenly: Cry of the Konya student. Istanbul University version of Divan.
44. Firdev: One of the eight levels of paradise mentionned in the Koran.
45. Buhace: A city in Central Asia.
46. The last three verses of this poem are in Arabic.
47. Tander: An oven made in a hole in the earth.
48. Gazi: Veteran of holy wars.
49. The gazel was written for the wedding of Selahaddin's daughter Jadiya to Hattat Mevlana Nizameddin.
50. ...Soul: Koran: 11-30,36
51. Levh-i Mahfuz: Tablet of God's decree.
52. ...Sky: Koran LI-22
53. Hulul-Hululi: Believer of God's incarnation in a person's body. This belief is blasphemy for Muslims.
54. Ya Sin: Koran, XXXVI chapter starts with Ya Sin. Sin - name of prophet. 14th letter of Arabic alphabet has two small and one big semi circles. The small ones are called teeth.
55. Akl-i kul: Universal intellect.
56. ...Death: Koran X-31, XXX-19
57, Kubod: Hero of Indo-Persian mythologies.
58. Tercî-bend: Long poem with recurrent couplet at the end of each stanza.
59. Melva: The Lord God. Mevla, master.
60. Sure of Hamd: Giving thanks and praise to God. First chapter of Koran - Fatiha Sure.
61. Tutya: Zinc. Opthalmic salve.
62. Hatem: Arabic, proverbial for his generosity.
63. ...Cover: Old Turkish saying.
64. Kisai:
65. Min: Arabic alphabet.
66. Rahiyk: Koran LXXXIII-25, 26
67. Ab-i Hayat: The water of life.
68. Secde: The act of prostrating.
69. Hicar: Near-Eastern musical mode.
70. This poem is a eulogy to the martyrs of Kerbela.
71. Kerbela: The place in Iraq where Iman Huseyin was murdered by Yezid. H-61.
72. Hitay: Eastern Turkistan, famous for its beauties.
73. Uzerlik: Rue seeds used for a fumigant.
74. Coreotu: Seeds of Nigella Saliva, used to flavor pastry. Also burned to remove bad spells.

75. ...Load: Koran XXXIII-72. Mind, or God's attributes, were entrusted to sky, earth and mountain. None accepted them so, it was given to man, but man is ignorant and cruel.
76. Carshaf: A dress with a veil (once worn by Muslim women.)
77. Hizir, ilyas: The prophet who drank from the fountain of life and became immortal.
78. Abu Hayat: Fountain of life that gives immortality.
79. Kar'un: A legendary rich man.
80. ...Manner: Hadin-Cami, V-1 p. 124.
81. Akl kul: Universal intellect.
82. Abbas: A famous thief and beggar.
83. Nu'man: Ebu Hanife Nu'man, founder of the Harefi sect. (d.767)
84. Haram: Religiously forbidden.

archegos

Sufism, Poetry

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You are casting hundreds of spells on us.
You appear to the world
In hundreds of different ways.

You appear like a dungeon or a well sometimes.
At other times you appear like a rose garden,
Become a beauty who enlightens hearts.

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